
The IWW Scare

by Jack Carney

Published in *Truth* [Duluth, MN], July 26, 1918, pg. 4.

When we were in our teens, and we steadfastly refused to go to bed, our dear old mother would come along and frighten us. She would tell us that the bogie-man was coming, and frightened we would put our head under the sheets and go to sleep.

As we get older, the same methods are still being used on us. When our masters want to frighten us, or in other words stampede our movement, they cry IWW. The cry IWW has done more harm than any other cry we know of. Timid comrades have only to cry IWW and they can stampede a local. They pack up their cry with the foolish twaddle about the IWW being opposed to political action. There is absolutely no difference between Nero of Rome, who stood by whilst Rome was burning, and the comrade who stands by whilst the IWW are being fought and persecuted. Not one particle of difference.

Oh, the ghastly joke of it all! And the terrible tragedy of it all, that the IWW should be the cockpit of radical discussions. Whilst tuberculosis is eating away the very hearts of these brave and gallant fighters, comrades are so blind and narrow as to engage in discussion about the tactics of the IWW. Comrades, stop this fooling. Get out and prove your loyalty to your class. If you allow the

IWW to march down the plank of capitalist oppression, then stop and pause for a moment, for your turn is next. Self-preservation commands you to stand by the IWW now, when your time comes

do not whine if the gods show you as little mercy as they are showing the IWW.

Comrades all, will you not stop and think? Never mind the past. The past lies buried with the past. We live today in the future. The future calls for your support. The house that is firmly built must have a decent foundation. To dig the foundation, dirty work has got to be done by someone. The someone has been the IWW. You

will not let people say that you refused to assist the IWW? You will sure come forward and help these men who are FIGHTING OUR FIGHT AND YOUR FIGHT. Say, comrade, send a dollar to Bill Haywood, 1001 W Madison Street, Chicago.

We have seen those men fighting. We have seen them in all the glow of their youth. Today strong men are weaklings. Today robust men are the victims of consumption and the rotten cells they lie in. Will you let these men die in prison,



without even a fighting chance? Will you help the wolves of capitalism to fasten their dirty paws upon your fellow-workers? By all the powers that be, you have GOT to help. It is your bounden duty. If you fail, then tear up your card and hide your head in shame. For let it be known that in the fight for human liberty, you stood idly by and allowed the wolves of capitalism to tear your own fellow-workers limb from limb.

When someone calls you comrade, let the words pierce into your heart and make you realize that in the hour you were asked to prove your comradeship you turned up your nose and said they are opposed to us. Whether they are opposed to us or not, we do not care. They have the manhood to stand up and opposed the Steel Trust, the Oil Trust, the Copper Trust, and the Shipping Trust. It requires real manhood to do these things. These men who have never had the advantage of a university training are sometimes crude in their methods, but this you must grant them, that they are imbued with a feeling of comradeship and loyalty to their class. So comrades, all together — let us stand behind these boys. Let us say to the wolves of capitalism: “Back, ye wolves of the night. Back say we, back to your hell-hole. Ye shall not make a sacrifice of these members of our class.”

When the fight is all over we will again debate our differences, but not till then.

Edited by Tim Davenport.

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